The beauties of the environs of Funchal resemble those of Naples and Ischia. The houses are all white; above the town the villas are white also, and scattered about the declivity. The colour of the slope is now very brown, being almost all in vines. Orange groves everywhere intersect both country and city. The whole mass is pumice-stone of a dark purple hue, and black and red lava, and the beach is all puzzolana. I could have fancied myself at Naples *et proprius arderе putеolos*.

We landed at some distance from the town, and had a long walk between gardens and vine-yards, supported as they are on the mountain sides of Capri and other Neapolitan places. The oranges we have tasted are very sweet. There are bananas, but the number of palm-trees is small. In a month this must be a paradise. General Clinton and our troops are here.

As Madeira was quite uninhabited when dis-covered in 1419, and covered with woods, there is no accounting for its arborisation, as a volcano, but by supposing it the fragment of a continent,

and that the eruptions were prior to that continent being sunk by earthquakes. There is a complete crater on the mountain.

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